



CHLOROPHYLL



BY THE WRITER OF "GREEN JINGLES" AND "DRUDGERY DEFEATED,"

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DEMOCRACY.

In People's Government—DEMOCRACY—the Sovereign People is assumed *free*,
For, if but slaves this ruling people be, to use that name were rank *Hypocrisy*.

Since none among us can be reckoned free, save full security assured be
For food, roof, comfort, unrevokably, 'tis clear we people have not liberty.

But now it's possible as all agree, by modern science and machinery,
Such rights for all to forthwith guarantee, we *can* establish *TRUE DEMOCRACY*.

SLAVERY.

Our ancestors, who lived in caves, did all their dirty work by slaves
And few since then have e'er been free, in this Our Land of Liberty.

You think you're free. It isn't true. Be-Beveridged by the Money Crew,
You're bred and fed and bled till dead, or to a training camp besped.

You still are slaves, dull slaves at that, a baffled proletariat,
Awed by the *God of Sound Finance*, in his great ritual devil-dance,
High stepping down his pompous path to war and everlasting wrath.

AWAKE! And with loud voice declare there's no such God, he isn't there.
The whole damn thing's completely bogus, just financiering hocus pocus.

We have this land, our men abound; our fields and factories lie around.
To bring this folly to an end, declare the NATIONAL DIVIDEND.

At last we'll live, the day's begun. Praise we the Lord who made the Sun!

MADNESS.

"We must export or perish."—ADOLF HITLER.

Commercial men of every shade say "Britishers must live by trade
To flourish as we surely ought we must export, *export*, EXPORT."

The Yankees have the same idea, they state it very loud and clear.
"Save we export, we are undone, our mighty workshops can't be run."

Say all the Lords of High Finance, with less than usual arrogance,
"We tell you guys, we money chaps, *you* must export or *all* collapse!"

It's clear then. Each industrial state, must constantly evacuate
Or cease to be a living nation, in pangs of deadly constipation.

But when, in Keynes' new Global Plan, all states in one are lumped,
Where, we would ask this learned man, shall "*World Export*" be
dumped?

Nothing will work while that remains, earth must be ridded soon.
Perhaps he'd take great ether-planes and drop it on the moon!!

THE SUN PEOPLE.

Come boys, come along, come and see the fun!

Here's a lot of silly fools a-worshipping the sun.

Here's that Hargrave charlatan has got 'em on the run.

Hurry up, or you'll be late—and all the show be done!!

Yes, yes. But would it *really* be so funny after all
If men *should* take to worshipping that wondrous fiery ball?
All food, all warmth, all light, all life on each day's sun depends.
That gone—all human consciousness in frozen darkness ends.

But should your soul scorn simple fact and for abstractions yearn,
And should it for a higher flight in realms of mystery burn
You, to the God who *made* the sun, may still in worship turn.

In Egypt's land some minds awoke, three thousand years ago.
"Our God's this Miracle of Light"—the greedy priests said "No."
Their evil power suppressed that light, nor left they e'en a glow,
While back to cats and crocodiles they switched their Holy Show.

Leave then to simple folk this truth, and be with them at one,
Though you in your High Mystery think you have them far outrun,
Agree that we are all alike *The Children of the Sun*.

WHY ?

Quite early, man beat out the spade, and later, shaped the plough,
Then complicated tools he made, which ease our labour now.

So man who had to toil and sweat to get his daily bread,
Can now hard drudgery forget, in comfort, warmed and fed.

Leisure was won, or so it seemed; man's martyrdom was o'er.
Now for a life of joy undreamed! But soon he dreamed no more.

The pit—the dull construction line—the long, long hours—the mill!
Never can joy within him shine, nor ever freedom thrill.
Hope of real life he must resign, yet hope is hard to kill.

Why had the good life passed him by, when everything seemed won?
Why do we Peace and Plenty cry, and give the workers none?

Why, when to feed and clothe and build the engine-fires should roar,
Why was all undertaking chilled, men idle, bitter, sore?
Why lay the land full half untilled, and wasting more and more?

The Money Lords who rule the State, *they* will not tell you why,
Still striving to perpetuate the same old sordid lie.

They know, if once you understood—from that enlightened hour,
Clean gone—for ever and for good—their now almighty power.

TWO PEACE PRAYERS.

Work! work! thy joyless people pray, keep us a-drudging day by day.
Give us this one thing over all, give us but *work* whate'er befall!

But year by year and every day machin'ry steals that work away.
Our fate, our melancholy goal, the "Special Area" and the Dole!

Yet, rightly used, machines could be high bless'd to all humanity,
Making, *for us*, all things we need, our soul and body, both, to feed.

Blind to their great inheritance men lie bemused in seeming trance,
Fooled by "This Nonsense of Finance."

O Lord, look down from out the skies, open thy blinded people's eyes!

WHO ?

Slaves? Yes we are, but well we know there is no need we should be so.

Then who shall lead us in attack to get our ancient freedom back?

Churchill is fine and Roosevelt too, and both good fighting men,
But when we've finished fighting—who?—who shall we look to then?

Shall we Dick Acland ask? Snow White? with moral zeal to put us right?
Or would you choose that fascist thug, now they have let him out of jug,
Mosley—old Mussolini's mug?

Is Beveridge in truth the friend our private life to superintend?
What chance that Morrison or Bevin would get you any nearer heaven?

Or would you with Lord Catto treat and grovel always at the feet
Of the Bank Lords of Lombard Street?

Shall we call freedom out of date and start a regimented state,
Condemned from birth to war and hate?

No. To be good free Englishmen that is our only end.
Shout loud for Social Credit then, the NATIONAL DIVIDEND.

Vote for the Social Credit Plan.
Vote for the Social Credit Man.

THE THREE DEMANDS OF THE SOCIAL CREDIT PARTY

1. OPEN THE NATIONAL CREDIT OFFICE :

This will enable the British people to know what Real Wealth is available for distribution. It is obvious that, before it is possible to issue the National Dividend, we must be able to estimate Real Wealth productive capacity—i.e., real assets, goods and services that can be used, and not, as now, fictitious financial debts.

2. ISSUE THE NATIONAL DIVIDEND :

This will enable each individual citizen to obtain his proper (flat-rate) share of goods and services, based on the productive capacity of the Nation as a whole, as an inalienable right, over and above wages or other income.

3. APPLY THE RETAIL PRICE ADJUSTMENT :

This will enable goods and services to be sold at the Just Price. The Just or Scientific Price of any article is the Cost of Consumption during the period of Production. Retailers will, under a Social Credit regime, be required to sell "below cost" (as now calculated), the difference being refunded to the retailers by the issue of National Credit, thus enabling them to pay the full price (as now calculated) to the wholesalers, and enabling the wholesalers to pay the producers.

The result of the Social Credit mechanism will be to monetise Real Wealth by keeping a proper balance between Consumer Incomes and Retail Prices, thus enabling the Nation to take and use the goods and services offered for sale. This creates a Debt-Free Nation, solves the problem of peace-time "Poverty amidst Plenty," and eliminates the main cause of all modern War—i.e., the fierce scramble for export markets abroad.

Send for a Copy of

THE FIGHTING PROGRAMME

of The Social Credit Party (4½d. post free).

From the General Secretary, Social Credit Party, 2, Fitzroy Street, London, W.1.